

107.

And when your ivory fingers touch the strings  
Of any silver-sounding instrument,  
LOVE makes them dance to those sweet  
mwrnwings,  
With busy skill, and cunning excellent I  
O that your feet, those tunes would represent  
    With artificial motions to and fro;  
    That LOVE, this Art in every part might  
    shew !

108.

Yet your fair soul, which came from  
heaven above ^ To rule this house  
(another heaven below /) With divers  
powers in harmony doth move ; And all  
the virtues that from her do flow In a  
round measure, hand in hand do go\*  
    Could I now see, as I conceive this dance ;  
    Wonder and Love would cast me in a  
    trance!

109.

The richest jewel in all the heavenly  
treasure, That ever yet unto the earth  
was shown. Is Perfect Concord! tti only  
perfect pleasure That wretched  
earthborn men have ever known ! For  
many hearts it doth compound in one,  
    That what so one doth will, or speak,  
    or do , With one consent, they all  
    agree thereto\*

110.

Concord's true picture shineth in this  
Art! Where divers men and women  
ranked be, And every one doth dance  
a several part, Yet all as one, in  
measure do agree. Observing perfect  
uniformity !  
    All turn together !   All together trace !  
    And all together honour and embrace !